

THE
Protestant Joyners Ghost
 TO
Hone the Protestant Carpenter
 IN
NEW GATE.

With his CONFESSION.

Col. **H** One! Oh! Hone! Oh! Hone! Oh!

Hone. What dismal Voice is this, nay, now I find I must be Hang'd. This is as the Sound of the last Trump, shril and terrible as Death.

Col. Do you not know me yet, That and that for your Confession,

Hone. Oh my Ribs! Oh my Side!

(*Pinches him*)

Col. The Tryal being so near at the *Old Baily*, I am sent to Torment thee, my Ghost shall haunt thee to the Gallows if thou Confess a Syllable.

Hone. My Journeyman *Stephen*! the Protestant Joyner! Chip of the Old Block of Rebellion! dost thou not know thy old Master?

Col. Yes, yes, my old Master the Protestant Carpenter that Wainscoted the Room at the Devil for the Green Ribbon Club, and Carv'd Rebellion and the Sacred Slaughter of Kings about the Frames and Chimny Pieces. Yes, *Hone* the Carpenter that hew'd out the way to Destruction, that swore the Death of Kings and Princes, and now swears as hard for em and against himself, *Hone* the betrayer of the Cause, and Impeacher of the Brethren, *Hone* the Apostat, *Hone* the Backslider, *Hone* the Turncoat, *Hone* the Changling.

Hone. Now let me die for a Traytor, if thou be not thy self this very Apostat, this Turncoat, this Changling. Now thou art Chang'd since I see thee? thou look'st as if thou hadst been hang'd alive upon one of thy own Gibbets, and fed all this while upon Shavings and Saw dust.

Col. Yes, I was foreman of the Plot, and carv'd it and plain'd it, till I made it as smooth as a Deal Board. Any fool that kenw how to manage it might nap upon a King. But you with your hacking, and hewing, your splitting and sawing, have saw'd it all to pieces. Your selves dropt into the Saw-Pit, and lye Buried in your own Dust.

Hone. Indeed we have wanted thy helping hand, the Cause has gone much down the Wind since so hopeful a Branch was lopt off from the Root of Rebellion. Where hast thou been all this while.

Col. In Hell, In a deeper Vault then *Deerhams* Dungeon, 16 Fathom beneath the Lowermost Abyss where this Plot was first brew'd, and where such Plotters will be Rewarded.

Hone. Indeed this was a Reach beyond the Devils *Ela*. But what hast thou been doing all this while?

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Col. Building of Gibbets for Traytors and King-Killers, and now they come so fast, that I want a Journeyman.

Hone. Canst thou not Remove Tyburn, it will save a world of Carpenters Work.

Col. That's kept for Whigs and Plotters in this Life: How *Shad--l* and the fat Turnspit would make a Gallows swag, there are others have out-run the Constable: But hang it, Rebellion is nothing till they be catch'd.

Hone. Prethe *Stephen*, who was catch'd at *Oxford*.

Col. If I was catch'd, I made no pittiful howling Lamentation, or whining Confession, to the betraying of the Cause or the Brethren; I brazend it out to the last.

Hone. With more then the Doctors Impudence till the Rope choaked thee, for a Lye never would. But prethe tell me, for thy excellent Skill in *Joining* Dissenters, and *Turning* Monarchy into a Common-Wealth, how has thy Master the Devil Implov'd thee ever since thou dropt from the Tree at *Oxford*, like a felon Goose into the Lake.

Col. The first two Years I was Implov'd in making Protestant Flayls.

Hone. Protestant Flayls! I can tell thee where there are Five Thousand at this time in one place.

Col. You had best tell the King and Council.

Hone. I have done it already.

Col. Now 5000 Legions of Devils with 5000 Flayls, be dashing out thy Brains for 5000 years together, was there ever such an Ass trusted with so great a Secret?

Hone. Was there ever such an Owl in Pursuit of the Eagle, when thou oughtest to have been mouseing amongst thy own Vermin at home. Well, thou art an Angel of Light, and the Ass cannot chuse but open his Mouth. What hadst thou to do at *Oxford* with thy Arms, and Armour *Cap a Pe*, and Protestant Flayls to dash out the Brains of Monarchy, and overturn the whole structure of Church and Government. Thou designedst a plaguy turn in the State, but that thou hadst thy last turn at the Gibbet, and left as thy Journey-men to do thy work at *New-Market*, where our whole Plot was overturn'd, and now it is come to our turn to follow.

Col. In keed your Plot at *New-Market*, your Cart cross the vway, your twenty Blunderbuses, six Inches Diamiter; your Horse-Races and Hunting Matches, your Arms and Insurrections, were in a fair way to take effect. But Fires and Dissolutions are fatal to our Conspiracies.

Hone. And a Rope will put an end to 'em.

Col. With your Cowardly Confessions, and Treacherous Impeaching of one another.

Hone. Wouldst thou have me to brazen it out like thy self, and go to the Devil with a Lye in my Mouth? Will a Vote of the Faction's Rump save us from the Curse of King-Killing hereafter? Will our putting it upon the Papists (as *Ours* did on *Pickering*) pass upon the Devil. Will *M----* pass for a Head-piece? *West* for a wise Councillor, or the *Salamanca* Bloud-sucker for a Saviour in the other World? For my part, before I have to do with such a pack of Rebels, I'll turn Loyal, Confess, and Repent though I hang for't.

The Ghost had no sooner heard him talk of Repenrance, but with much Indignation incensed, he Vanish'd in a Flash of Fire, throwing the Bed-Staves about the Room, and the Doors off the Hinges, with that Terrible Noyse, that it shook the Foundation of the uppermost Hell. With a terrible rattling of Links and Chains; The Noyse was given out that a Prisoner had escaped, which Alarm'd the Captain, and his Janizarys to pursue, but they could not catch him.